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THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

at the CAPITOL
THIS WEEK-END
The Bishop's Wife
with Carey Grant

Forty-Ninth Year; No. 27 PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 2nd JUNE, 1949 $2.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

Johnny Comes Marching Home—At 55

The Little Corporal Proves There Are No Alps Here Either

IT was Napoleon who said "There are no Alps." Wee Johnny will not want to take him too literally, nursing a pet ambition to see his junior namesake in the ski Olympics at those same Alps. But figuratively the little corporal has proved the little corporal on the beam—nothing is an obstacle to a big heart.

And so on Saturday they had a celebration for Johnny Ray. It was a chummy affair, and full sincere, all the more delightful in that the little corporal was taken completely by surprise. But he knew all about the cause and justification. That was long and arduous—and often anxious—hours of pure hard, personal work—and courage.

For it takes that to get first class engineer's papers, and when a little corporal, in a small uplands town, largely self educated, does it at the age of 55 — when most men are thinking about the easy chair, then that's an achievement and inspiration; a good tonic in a rather too easy world that could do with a bit of the spirit of the little corporal—"there are no Alps."

Surprise!

On Saturday night Johnny Ray sauntered home. He had a right. A man's home is his castle, even if an orderly orgy of nuts and camshafts is ousted for a beautiful confusion of female hats. No man has more right than Litte John. He works hard, earns every cent of his domestic comfort, designs and does the quintessence of its many little luxuries himself. John is a handy guy, a tidy little package. There is neatness and energy and inventiveness in every birdlike movement of the little corporal.

He had a right, no man more, and especially right now. For observant ones — you never get too close to a guy like Johnny—have noticed that he hasn't been his chirpy little self for some time — sort of under a strain. Johnny has had a big job on his hands, the biggest job in his life, the sort of job where sheer hard work isn't enough. For passing an exam isn't like chopping a pile of wood—more like finding a gold mine or winning a championship, where after all your efforts a lot depends on your innate abilities—and something on the breaks. It's work — and worry too.

Johnny just had to have that bit of paper. More than once a little corporal has filled the bill as field marshal admirably in the clutch. But Whitehall counts on epaulets. Johnny has been filling the bill at the power plant on second class papers. But authority calls for a first. It is the biggest steam power plant in B.C. Johnny had to have those papers. And with a guy like Johnny it's more than salary.

One Man College

It takes a lot of doing. First class papers are tops, even with university facilities. Johnny is 55 and his skill — both books and practical has largely been self-won. It is only to his credit that he sat last year and did not make it. Which makes understandable the weight that has seemed to hang over Little John these past some months. And the quiet sense of deserving with which he sauntered home to his castle on Saturday evening. Perhaps just a little irked by the veiled domestic anxiety to have him home.

An easy evening in the glow of relaxing after a tough job well done.

A man's home is his castle. Heck, the place was invaded. But they were friendly foes and they swarmed forward and sang 'Surprise!" and wrang his hand. And Johnny, who like all little corparals and little geniuses, has a mainspring that is intensely human, wasn't a bit mad. In fact he was closer to sentiment than one dares to print without risk of a skirmish with the little corporal.

Auld Lang Syne

For there was Bob Taylor who 40 years ago toiled alongside the sweat begrimed little corporal as an honest smithy, and, by contrast, has sunk to the earthiness of growing prize tatties and equally unmechanical champion steers. There was surly Old Pop Irwin, who in his own dour way has worked with the chirpy little corporal in the enterprise that is Amber. And there was Old Lou Samaan, one of the old school of the pits, whose delight for 30 years has been splints and tournaquets, but, in his own angle, has been associated with the little corporal through many of those years. And there was Mable and Naomi (who went off and got married without a word of it in the paper) who somehow contrived to visit the folks together and at just the right time. But there were other scehming shemales there too, so you work it out.

But for the fellow who mattered most, it was a genuine surprise, and a happy one, and a happy ambition right merry evening. There was a presentation and a toast, and Johnny replied.

And here, with apologies to Pop is how he done it—the little corporal, that is:

John Ray was born 55 years ago in Arlington, in the mining county of Cumberland, England. His father was stationmaster. John attended secondary school at Whitehaven — a good basic education. He was crippled with asthma, and took the bold course — the tough life of the new world. At 19, with an uncle, Bob Wilson, he sailed for Canada, went to Ladysmith, V.I. to another uncle, George Wilson, a pit boss; went to work in the pit

Very soon they came up to Princeton, and Bob will be remembered by old stagers as pit boss at the old Princeton Colliery. John — about 120 pounds and asthmatic — fired boliers. Then he graduated downstairs to an underground hoist. It was his start up.

In 1922 he hied off to Edmonton area for a year, ran a cement mixer and a thrasher. They were at least machines. He married there and came back to the old mine, now with a fourth class engineer's papers. Then he had a spell at Frank Barnes' sawmill Then to Allenby concentrator. Granby shut down, and John went back to Alberta, again soon returned. He went to the Nine Mile colliery, in charge of the power house, now with better papers. And he improved them, took his second class. Bob Alstead was the young pit super in those days. After four years of that he transferred to the Tulameen colliery, on the pumps.

And Gadgets Too

Which brings us up to the momentous opening of the power plant about 1938. Jack was one of the original crew, has been there ever since. He has been assistant chief engineer on permit. But he had to have those papers. He did it by corrsepondence course, by private study—at 55. Two weeks ago he went down for the four-day exam — and the party sequel.

At it were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Irwin (more recognizable as Pop and Mom. Mr. and Mrs. E. Blomquist, Mr. and Mrs. L. Samaan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mullin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jacobson and Eric (identified as Jake), Mrs. D. Coyle Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Taylor and Lee; Mr. and Mrs. W. Maywood, Mr. and Mrs. P. Soper (Naomi), Miss Mable Ray and Mr. L. Scott, of Kamloops.

It wil be obvious that the little corporal puts both heart and head into anything he does. John Junior went in for ski-ing when Amber was an egg, and though he probably cares about skis as much as Dame Clara Butt, "Big" John of course went in too, and has aye been an anchor of Amber. His energy and ingenuity have accumuated a marvellous monstrosity of gadgets made from old car generators and mainsprings that are the eighth wonder of the world.

The little corporal is quite a man, and all who know him and even those who don't will enjoy his demonstration of "there are no Alps."

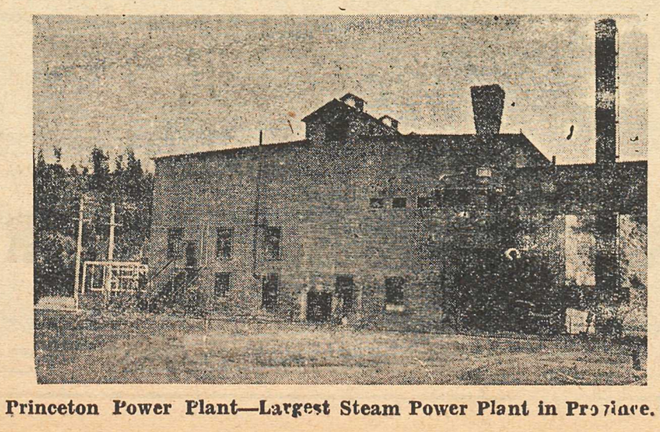
Only and except that cynic M' Gillicuddy. He comes up with two supreme challenges. (1) That Johnny start Pop's Model T; (2) that he invent me a gadget that will let me sleep and play without taking time from my 24-hour day. In return for which I will present him with one set of logarithms, well thumbed, but quite untouched since I made my grade.

Meanwhile, congratulations Jackie Ray on behalf of all of us.

Memorial Park Plans Labor Day Celebration

TO entertain expected throngs for the Hope Highway opening rejuvenated Memorial Park folk pan big Labor Day celebration at Princeton, Hope Hedley approves.

Where Johnny Works



Princeton Power Plant—Largest Steam Power Plant in Province.

EYE TEETH AND

ON 27th April your paper reported that a skull had been found by workmen near the Ashnola bridge, that police had called in the experts, that an examination of the teeth, compared with Services dental records, might establish the identity as that of Peter Barrett, who, fascinated by the water, leapt into the stream at Hedley at the peak of last year's flood.

On 23rd May your paper reported that, as suggested, positive identification had been established; privately went to some personal pains to try to arrange a fitting repose for an unhappy case, an ex-comrade.

Your paper gave you the story fresh, several days in advance of any other, and adequately in all the important aspects. It was a strange story and a good one and we simply stand by our guns that it was reasonably well done. A metropolitan daily originally front-paged it with a by-line over Charles Nichols' world commentary. We were not impressed, and that is simply cited for sake of argument.

We serve truth—and you. We would like to serve both perfectly and please you all. But realizing that there lies a basic contradiction in terms, we realize too that either single perfection is impossible, in what despite sincerity and conscientiousness is—some opinions notwithstanding—quite a human little guy.

Resting easily in sincerity of service, we are quietly able to stand on our qualifications. On the purely negative side, in a lifetime of journalism, we have never fallen foul in any serious affair. Every working journalist knows that in the urgency of news he must be offending some innocent and inconsequential facet of perfect truth every five minutes. But he must stand by his reputation in the important aspect of his trade. He knows that truth does not please everybody. that is a matter for personal consciences. And that honest imperfections in his humble service of truth will properly displease some precise people. For which he is humbly sorry.

What Do You Need?

Some time back we had to stand on the larger issue. Now on the smaller. It is an obligation of the public servant of truth to show his slate to those whom he serves. On that rests their confidence in his service.

On the former occasion a man, with surely the best of intentions made public certain facts. Of importance to the welfare of this community, your paper printed them, correctly, and has no apologies or regrets. It is apparent, however, that the speaker gave out information that his company did not want made public. Regrettable, but fully reconciled to journalistic conscience. That man expeditiously sought to make your agent of truth the goat and though we did try to make an off-the-record solution, we could have none of that. We do not believe the reliableness of your newspaper suffered under his attack. His consience is his.

Now we have a relatively petty call for defence. and in just the same spirit we frankly approach it by admitting that we have no defence. We accept that our critic is right. But we still stand our ground in the important service of truth. and if you resent space being taken in your paper for the important aspect of service. blame those who make it necessary.

It seems that the skull was not sent to Ottawa as we said. It was the report of the dentist who examined the teeth. The dentist is very much upset about it. He does not tell us so, he has the convenience of an organ for amateurish embarrassment to your newspaper. Whether you approve or not lies with you. but it is time you knew the score.

Now our well-intending and authoritative informant may have slipped up, or we may have—let's say it was us. Just how important was it whether they sent the paper or the skull. It is true we did not hie to Ottawa to see the thing. We felt you might feel we had more important things to do in your service. And unless one is an actual eyewitness, no journalist is ever sure of perfect truth; and not even then if you have ever studied court evidence. But is it really important? Values are what the skilled newsman ever has to weigh.

Since no important point of truth is at issue, the assumption is that the dentist is irked that he did not get the credit and the publicity. It is our quiet craftsman's creed that the story is the thing and not the by-line, and big headlines and pictures did not impress our sense of values in a routine professional probe. Invaluable though they are, such things go on behind the scenes every day, and most would be annoyed if their professional dignity and anonymity were disturbed. However, if he whom we strive equally to serve, and whose professional ability we have always professionally respected, wants publicity, he can cherish all this. For our part, we dislike doing it, and want nothing more than to be allowed to get on with our real job of serving you. The only way we can do it is to clear up the obstructions. We leave the matter of relative dimensions to your sense of values, which we have to serve.

A Free Press?

So much for the dentist. His approach to your—his—newspaper is always open. There are no enemies in truth. Now for the approach he took.

This is a free country, and we have a free press. That means freedom to make the service of truth a science of profit. But does it? Is that true freedom in truth, or does that true freedom carry an inherent and often unprofitable responsibility of sacred service? This newspaper thinks it does, and that is why it is utterly independent, shunning all affiliations of profit not because it doubts that truth pays its way, but because it finds none—except a few blessed personal ones — that utterly detach this sacred service from profit. It frankly charges that this is the sole motive of this amateur embarrassment to your free, honest press. It challenges anyone to to disprove it and asks you to choose—and support your sacred choice. The skilled sacred service of truth. not perfect, but but ever honestly striving for perfection, with the door always open to anyone sincere in that service—your vital service: or amateurish embarrassment of that sacred service for selfish profit. Recently we put up a thousand dollars for anyone who could disprove us, and nobody took us up. But the obstructionism goes on. The offer still stands. We can hardly find to flatter ourselves that you all love us so much—and $$$ so little—that no one wants our thousand bucks. The hard inference is that somebody is either cowardly or insincere. It's no use praising God and worshiping Baal. There are no enemies in truth and the way back is always open. If it's us, show us.

This has been your official newspaper for fifty years, is still doing business at the old stand, and more than ever, thank you. Nobody takes very seriously a purely business rivalry, especially when a girl is involved whose best salespiece is that she has to make a living. But your newspaper in essence is not a business. It is a vital service as important as law or medicine; and more, the sacred trust of truth, which, worthy of its wages, can not poise on the sheer expedient of profit. If it does it simply cannot be truth, and the free press to-day—as you will easily agree — is largely a monstrous myth, and often a patent hypocrisy. You have the means right here—in that all-important aspect — to have the best newspaper anywhere. And it will not be our fault if you don't.

Truth or Profit?

We cited lately a political advertisment which in sheer logic was an offence to truth. Frankly critical of the flaws in the armor it was aimed at, we would not print it, nor will we ever print anything we can be shown does a dis-service. Did the young lady who intervened to serve you turn it down? Did her righteous sponsor? Did our critic bring his criticism to its logical point of correction, if his over-zealousness for truth were sincere?

There is in human nature a peculiar perverseness. The basic urge is to build, and the prime creator is Truth. But man has been given a little lease of reason. It is instinct to create, but it is the product of half-reason to cheat, and to destroy. Until pitiful people really enjoy sticking pins in flies, and watching fellow humans squirm.

He is a professional man, but to satisfy an unworthy ego, he chose a profit-seeking amateur in the pure illusion of truth. That is not said bitterly. Most of us are sadly out of focus.

Now if some quack were to invade a dentist's preserves and set up his shingle with a pair of pliers and putty and get a full page ad in the profit-seeking paper (for the profession does not think it ethical to support truth in that way) he would doubtless draw some sucker business, and the dentist, quite obivlious to his own illogic, would be up in righteous rage, and expect no good newspaper to print the quackery and no good union man to support it. But of course truth is not nearly as important as false teeth.

A Vital Service

This is an important service. It is a skilled and responsible profession and the world pays dearly for its carelessness with a free press—in the big things.

It is an open profession and anyone who has it can get to the top. But go and try to crash the gate on any big paper—imperfect though they are in principle of the service of truth. and they do make little mistakes too. Sure, you speak English, may have a good education too. And maybe you fancy you can write. Most people do, it is so elementary. But see how much of your zeal gets into print — unless of course you jump all the fences and start your own newspaper and find some careless community that will fall for it. Submit an amateur sheet to any competent authority and he will tell you that it reflects on the basic intelligence of your community—and expensively.

It is not our purpose to argue the skill of the craft You accept the doctor's certificate, and you should require the same from your journalist. It is a vital and costly service, and with no ill-will to anyone, we simply apply the acid test—get a job with a big paper, prove your level, or get an honest job at your own level. It can be proven in established skill, just as with the doctor or the lawyer or the mechanic. There is no magic to print.

Otherwise you are risking a serious dis-service in a very vital but under-rated service—in the assumed magic of print. You are taking money dishonetsly, incapable of and indifferent to giving value, and risking a very serious social let-down.

What Is News?

Most folk glibly admit the value of publicity, urge, "Good paper, good town." They don't see that that works both ways. There is nothing to stop you having the best newspaper in the world — nothing but yourselves. That in the essential sense of the sincerity of your servant in the true service of truth. Disprove it—for a thousand dollars. Examine his qualifications and point out his mistakes, his faults; to help or hurt as you wish to help or hurt your true interests in the inxorable balance of truth. Criticize by all means. for we need the truth we urge. But don't cheat; for you can't.

There is a positive value to publicity, readily acknowledged but not always understood. Who isn't interested in a free plug—even a professional man, it would seem. And a look at this newspaper's mail would convince you that big business apparently accords it a flattering rating. You don't over-rate the value of publicity to your town, and its paper as its show-window. Don't mistake that the big outside world is small-town in newspaper assessment. A check will show that your paper, with all its faults, enjoys a considerably bigger rating than its town. because it works on a universal yardstick.

Now some folk criticize that. They want a comfy, small town paper that gossips about Mrs. Jones' party and Farmer Brown's hogs. They want an amateur job

Human nature is exactly the same in Olalla as in New York, the same sun, the same dollar, the same truth. No one is going to suggest that Lincoln's letters were less interesting or important than Farmer Brown's. or any less human. Events make men and towns. They also make news, and news values have a universal yardstick which the newsman knows and the public responds to. That is why your newspaper is read. For it must be read for trivialities to be criticized.

The True Tag

Now there are many angles to news, and the focus is important though the appeal is to the same universal interests, which the best newsman judges best. To Farmer Brown his pigs are more important than a big fire in New York, though he wants to know about the fire too. Somewhat less to Farmer Brown's neighbor, and to the city reader not a tittle unless of course they have six legs or their rooting starts a feud. But the price of pork is important all through.

Truth and its values are universal. The focus funnels down, but every truth has a definite value—its news value — to you. A $50 fire in your town is more important to you than a $50 million fire in Timbuctoo. But it is still a $50 fire. A good newspaper mirrors its own news, puts a true tag on it. There is nothing to stop Farmer Brown having six legged pigs or national prize winners. But it's not up to the newspaper to make news, but to make the best of what there is.

The argument is relative. Your dramatic club may excell itself in its scope. That should be reported. But the yardstick is still the true rating in dramatic art. It may be comforting to hear it raved about in local print as super-Broadway, but it is no service You are not merely a citizen of Olalla but of the world. and in a thriving community of 5,000 gossip about Farmer Brown's pigs is relatively uninteresting. The good newspaper selects and presents in its best face the best there is and gives it a true tag.

Page Two please

IT'S UP TO HIM

NEWS BRIEFS

★ TWO BUSINESS DEALS—Jim Haley, formerly of the J. B. Taxi, has returned to buy out the interest of George Smyth in Highway Motors, Princeton. George has been a pretty sick boy. Al Williams continues his usual cantankerous self. Sunny Jim plans to step on the gas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Grieve, only nicely started, have sold out their J&M Cash Store to a Mr. Cameron from Manitoba. Star ads have made the business just too much for J. and M. to handle. They are going to be missed

★ TRAFFIC SIGNALS at the Princeton railway crossing approach to the highway bridge—a bad arrangement — must be obeyed. Failure cost a motorist $10 in Princeton Police Court today Six prosecuted this month for exceeding 50 mile limit on Hedley highway.

★ FUNERAL was held Thursday of Joseph Clifton Milton Manuel Webster, 78. Born in Carleton, Ontario, 19th November, 1870 he had lived for 14 years with his daughter, Mrs. Russell Busche Allison Townsite. Another daughter resides in Saskatchewan.

★ AT ROTARY Tuesday president Stan Wilson had interesting films of Smelters convention

★ PRINCETON SCHOOLS close next week. Many pupils, recommended. are already on holiday.

★ SORRY that our zeal for profit makes this an abnormal issue. No big news, and another paper in a couple of days.

WISDOM TEETH

★ ★ ★

Four Contest Yale Seat On Monday

IN case you are confused, there is a federal election Monday, and you have four to choose from—Jones, CCF, Adams, Conservative, McDowell, Liberal — and a Social Credit chap. It has been an odd campaign and somebody is going to lose his deposit. Not us, say Conservative H.Q., who have made the liveliest fight and predict a 3,000 majority for Mayor Adams.

Complete election for you by Monday morning.

False Teeth or Wisdom Teeth?

From Page One

When you don't want that you are being just foolish, and response shows that our estimate of your intelligence is pretty sound. We print what is of most value to you all, not profit to any one if you or us. In the long run that pays all of us. Our yardstick is always open to examination—and improvement. But it is professionally sound. What works for Beaverbrook and Reuter ought to work for you, if you let it.

That journalism, the service of truth, is a responsible and valuable one, no sane person will dispute. But in the same small town fallacy — and there are small folk in big cities and thank God big folk in small towns — there are some in self divinity who concede the principle, but in application want to bend truth to private profit and because newsmen are human too, the "free" press is what it is. And you pay for it.

You paid for it in the recent election, when unswerving truth didn't suit the politicians and they went where truth sells for a price, and the election issues were not reported, because you can't expect the skilled man to do the work when the amateur gets the pay. It takes skill to do election reports, and the amateur was shrewd enough to dodge it—and take the pay, just as in the profit motive anything difficult will be dodged. But when truth catches up with you who pays?

You Can't Cheat

What the Memorial Park people are pleading now was helpfully argued — and bitterly resented by them — a year ago. What we foresaw in fire protection has come about; floods and the Hope Road only too true. And — quite ungleefully— our analysis of the school and the election we similarly submit to time. There is no bombast or magic about it. Truth just does not bend, cannot be made a selfishly profitable commodity. And there is no quick profit for the newspaper in that loyalty, nor always popularity. But in the long run—

And it commands respect even where it incurs displeasure. We have always argued that unswerving truth was the best authority. This paper is watched in places low and high which, through no fault but theirs, it often does not please. And that, whatever other excuses, is the plain reason for the obstructions. In a world still fundamentally good truth is pretty hard to suppress or ignore, and those whom it offends strike when they dare, kow-tow when they don't, of which we have an amusing collection of examples. Of course an unethical opposition gives them an ideal outlet. But what about you? Do you wan ttruth with a price tag? You hold the key.

It is a responsible and important service, a public trust, and when you can simply dodge it by going to an unethical alternative, that is playing right into the hand that will slay you.

Publicity values are hard to measure in terms of dollars and cents. There is the invisible side of the ledger. You never know what you miss. You never know what lack of publicity—or bad publicity—costs. But it is very real. Nationally known products are nationally known because they accepted what they could not assess. Who can judge the value of the London Times—or the Hearst press. Who doubts there is one?

A six legged pig—or a national champion — can happen to Farmer Brown; and if competence is lacking to handle it, its publicity value is lost. Big stories have happened in Similkameen — the Blakeburn, Copper Mtn. and Hedley disasters, the flood and the plane search for example, competing on the front pages of the world. You'd be disappointed not to see them in fair competition. There are many calls on our services, not always profitable. But you don't mind obstructing our means to answer them by encouraging unfair cometition. Who reported the election meetings for you? Who really paid?

It is equally foolish to fancy that the policy of pleasing for a price does not offend. The local drama club had best know how it rates, and the sheer principle of bending truth is to offend many to please—and profit by—one. As long as you provide a profitable means to dodge truth you can expect it to be dodged—with you paying.

Equally dangerous is sheer incompetency. We have some nice examples of bad—and costly — publicity by amateurs, who on their own or at a distance enjoy liberties they would not have in the rigors of a big office. And in strictly local values too, for we can never concede that the folk of Similkameen, in errors of commission or omission, are any less important than the world audience.

The Cost

An amateur sheet were recently reported a local young lady to be married when she was not. That could have been very serious and damaging. Another in a very serious charge involving the death of a man reported the charge—and more—as a fact before any verdict had been found or evidence taken. That was not merely a very serious contempt of court for which the author might have paid heavily; it might easily have upset the course of justice. It was plain lucky the sheet had the influence it merited. But journalism is a serious and responsible job and plain dynamite in irresponsible hands, and sooner or later someone is going to be badly hurt; not to mention the cost of tinkering with truth or trying to dodge it for profit.

Now we make mistakes too—for we take the blame for all we print—like the one that occasions this, and we ask you to judge its relative seriousness and co-operate with us in a service that is bigger than any of us, not merely to correct them, but to avert them: the intelligent way. No sincere person ever found us untractable, nor did anyone ever divert our clear course of truth. In a lifetime dedicated to this service we have made many mistakes, but never a serious one and we feel we have kept faith and done more good than harm and given more service than we have made profit. And where it is valued, where ever it may be, we mean to go on. That is clearly up to you.

It is generally conceded that this community needs a good newspaper, and there is room for only one. The righteous Penticton press, which is a much quoted example of profitable publication — its motive being frankly profit, essays to obstruct your free press by contract-violating invasion. It enjoys a monopoly in a community much larger and more lucrative, in a service not so sincere, and at certainly no higher standard of journalism. It is axiomatic too that opposing your newspaper, splitting available revenues, is not going to give you the best possible paper.

Whatever else may be argued, this is your established newspaper. It was founded in 1900, well before Penticton's. There is no immunity in that, but there is incontestable authority as your valid medium. This a free country and ethics aer not law. Unwritten laws of the professions can not be enforced except by public morality. But it is patently stupid to argue public service and go all out to obstruct its established authority. That authority is vested by precedence in this newspaper, and no professional approach can dispute it.

A Broken Pledge

Because this is a public trust, and there are always those who find it profitable to dodge it, this profession works on the established principle of dog does-not-eat-dog. Except in too hearty a mouthful for public good, it recognizes spheres of influence. One newspaper does not invade the other's territory, and so set up the advantage of unfair competition for the disgruntled ones who find truth an obstacle to private profits. This paper has, with many invitations, never offended, nor ever will violate the ethics of its profession.

The obvious approach, then, in sincerity, is through the established organ, to give it every chance to do its vital job honestly and well. If deficient by its own fault, to give it every chance to correct its fault; if not by its fault, to give it every help. And certainly to place no obstacle to its honest service. No such approach has ever been made to this paper. None will ever be spurned, but that is not at all to concede that one is required.

Princeton has never been a great newspaper town. It is older than Penticton, so is its newspaper. The parallel is eloquent. The answer may lie in the present example, in the example of two meetings, one favoring incorporation, one opposing, both ostensibly seeking the same truth, the same community welfare, going on simultaneously on opposite sides of the street. To their credit, and their paper's advantage, that doesn't happen in Penticton. Picking out the token of truth is not always profitable in Princeton. But surely doubly necessary in true service.

The Penticton paper owned The Star before we did. It had its chance to save you; but it did not pay and it left you to your sins. The bill of sale made a contractual commitment assigning the Similkameen Valley to The Star, which undertook to respect the Herald's sphere. That commitment was written into the bill of sale when this paper was legitimately bought. The franchise was paid for in hard cash. The Star has always honored the agreement. In our time, the Herald never has, though not aggressive until the present instance.

For A Nasty Act

The Herald quibbles that The Star was not fulfilling its function. It made no enquiry, no offer to help, simply seized on the opportunity to obstruct—in the interests of service of course That there was profit was naturally purely incidental.

The quibble was that The Star was violating "the first law of journalism—regular publication" Though duly aware that The Star was not only now publishing regularly, but more frequently than the Herald, it none too nimbly ignored its own argument, continued to "serve" in sheer altruism and pure sincerity, of course.

To serve this community is our aim, and we will never stand in the way of its true service. As we have urged before, anyone has only to come with a valid proposition to serve it better and we will freely waive the prerogative we are the custodians of. But no one has ever come with any proposition, sim- invaded and obstructed. In trade union spheres there is a nasty word for that. Come to serve, or for selfish profit? Where is a sign of unselfish sincerity in the sorely needed service of truth? But plenty of signs of bending truth for a price, invading your established organ that won't.

Pumped dry was the convenient excuse that your paper offended the prime precept of regularity. But nothing changed when the excuse vanished — only a new ruthlessness. Now that the excuse is exploded, what was its validity. Who was the authority that regularity is the first precept of journalism? It is as sane to argue that it is more valuable that a man go to bed promptly at nine, having done nothing but wait for it than that he give society atomic energy, even if he stays up past midnight. Certainly schedule is important in news, but is it more important than news? And who ever reduced news to schedule? The biggest and best papers scrap schedule for big news. That is not an argument here, but it is the blasting of a myth that has been the sole argument and excuse. Whenever any paper is published, it misses serving what comes after, and it is a silly gamble that that will be any less vital that what goes before. What was the schedule of the greatest writings? Were they any less valuable? And certainly a vapid argument for a service that has never been anything less than three days stale, while these formes have been open—often to your advantage until the presses rolled. But no one will deny that dependable regularity is an asset, though a far less vital one in the weekly which at best bargains for a big lag.

(Page Three Please)

☆ PRINCETON
Capitol
THEATRE ☆
T. M. TOWRISS, MANAGER

Always A Good Show at The Capitol

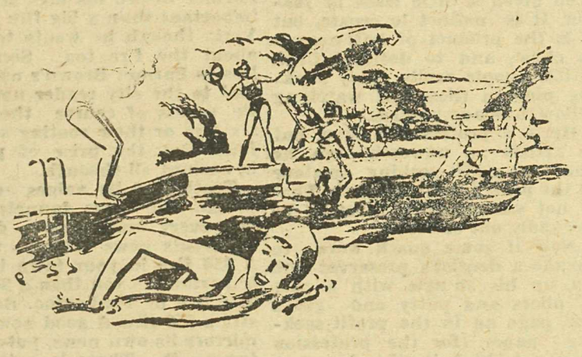
Fri., Sat. 7 and 9 p.m.— JUNE 24-25—
THE BISHOP'S WIFE
featuring Carey Grant, Loretta Young
COMEDY, CARTOON, NEWS

Mon., Tues. JUNE 27, 28— 7 and 9 p.m. —
STREET WITH NO NAME
with Mark Stevens, Barbara Lawrence
CARTOON AND NEWS

Wed., Thurs. JUNE 29, 30— 7 and 9:10 p.m.
ODD MAN OUT
starring James Mason, Robert Newton

Fri., Sat. JULY 1, 2— 7 and 9 p.m.
APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

MATINEE SATURDAY, 2 p.m.—
FEATURE and SERIAL



Announcing . . .

the
SEASON'S OPENING
of
CRYSTAL POOL
A. F. VOGL, Proprietor

SATURDAY, 25th JUNE
and Daily Thenceforth, Weather Permitting

SCHEDULE

CHILDREN—1-5 p.m.—15c
ADULTS — 1-5 p.m.—25c
EVENINGS—25c
★ ALL ACCOMMODATIONS

Toddlers free, if accompanied by responsible party only. Closed between 5 and 6. Refreshment stand.

SWIM for HEALTH

YOUR SECURITY and YOUR STABILITY ARE AT STAKE!

You Can Defeat Your Biggest Tax Problem . . .

That is the 8% sales tax. The one the budget missed. The one that hits you hardest. This quotation

" . . . This tax costs the Canadian taxpayers 30 cents for every dollar of processed material"

from a Liberal member of Parliament shows what the government is doing to keep taxes high . . . despite the "bribery" reductions in the budget.

So that you may have a sure, adequate income, the Progressive Conservative Party will

- Reduce sales taxes.
- Reduce income tax rates and increase exemptions.
- Provide deductions to farmers for members of family who contribute to revenue.
- End the administrative persecution of farmers by tax collectors.

For *your* protection the Progressive Conservative Party will take these steps:

PRICES

—Permanent floor price legislation based on these principles:

- A definite formula in the Farm Prices Support Act for arriving at floor prices.
- The formula will allow for variations in production and demand for individual products.
- Floor prices will be announced well in advance of production period.
- The floor price formula will be arrived at in consultation with representatives of producers.

EXPORT MARKETS

Restoration of the Canadian Wheat Board to serve its original purpose as a Marketing Agency for wheat producers . . . and its extension to include the handling of coarse grains.

Inclusion of representatives of farmer's organizations on all Boards dealing with farm matters.

Aggressive and immediate action to recapture lost markets; the development of new markets; to achieve security of export markets through foresighted negotiations.

Dominion marketing legislation based on the principle of democratic producer control.

PRODUCTION

Reclamation and conservation of existing soil resources; development of new producing lands through irrigation; greater accessibility to domestic markets by improved transportation facilities.

VOTE FOR
MAYOR THEO ADAMS
YOUR PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE

Published by the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada, 141 Laurier Ave. W., Ottawa

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False Teeth or Wisdom Teeth?

(From Page Two)

There are some calls that just won't wait a week. There are some weeks that bring nothing urgent. But we have never argued against regularity. We just make the point that regularity alone does not make service and not regularity, but the sum total of service, however contrived, is the prime law of journalism. No convention is more important than truth. This deficiency—and its supposed remedy has in this community been very largely imagination, first because not five per cent of the contents is affected one whit by being out at a certain hour of a certain day; and second, because a four day lag makes that contention a complete farce, appearing "regularly" many days after the publication it professes to improve upon.

As to quality, competence and editorial character, there has never been either rivalry or any claim to comparison; nor any serious contention that it was required. The only and general plea was that you would happily accept less than we gave, could you have it regularly. But regularity with no sacrifice of quality hasn't voided the excuse.

What is success? Often illusory. Not winning a poker hand, but adding something—creating something—to the kitty. That builds country and community. Business often mistakes one for the other. Success is genuine accomplishment. There is only one way, no short cuts. Sentiment is true business; other business is blind Success thus means the number of friends you have. You can't have friends simply by doing right, for it is a mutual transaction; but you certainly can't have them else. We have our share — all the truth will allow. There is always need for more; and they need your friendship as much.

There are—sadly—all too few friends in business. Most want profit, not truth.

Why, they ask, did you not do this all along? There would have been no invasion. You have what we want, but we could not get it. They too worship the god of regularity, not value.

Exploding A Myth

Oh yes there would. There always has been opposition to the truth—and this paper.

Frankly, we don't. Regularity is but a factor in value, a very logical one, to be sure, but not all. In the upset and the urgency of the last ten years — and the example—it is a petty quibble. What about your new car, your house? Did you always get nails? Well, we couldn't get supplies either when our needs were most pressing, in a general conspiracy of events arising out of one, which just had to be accepted.

They were not normal times. For this operation most abnormal. With mass resources behind it, has telephone service been normal? Trains normally keep schedule. Schedule pays. But you can't schedule floods. Nobody wants difficulties. Excuses don't create, don't spell success, don't satisfy. Even accepted explanations. They simply irk the man eager to show the real stuff. They waste time better used to getting on with it. Troubles are not nice to talk about. Explanations friends don't need and enemies exploit. But you just can't press a magic button and make all serene for results.

Newspaper economics in this territory were never a cinch, or the resourceful Herald would not have tossed it up. This community, sometimes generous, sometimes penny wise, has just never been sold on the sheer business of a local paper. It is a long process, but it is making progress. It is not a matter of support but value. There is a terrific wastage of advertising. There is very little topical advertising to support the mania of regularity. This is not an argument against regularity. We have held it till regularity was established, without any sign of resultant miracle. We need your confidence and the rest will follow.

This paper was a bold enterprise in 1900. When we took over in 1929 it was of 1900 vintage It would not do for the Similkameen we envisaged, the Similkameen that is now knocking at our door. We were blessed with neither magic nor magic of money. It had to come by hard work, a labor of love. We set about a gradual plan of complete replacement and adequate organization. That was a charge on efforts even on a gradual scale. It is a matter of general scale. Now there is a general acknowledgement and easy proof that this is a very different plant than in 1929, and one which would do credit to a far bigger community. It is just the guy who is running it. But that guy designed and did it.

A Few Facts

From 1939—when the plan was nicely in stride—to 1946 we were overseas, from the day war was declared until we got back either in uniform or under official direction. We do not like doing this, so let's do it and be done with it. Hard work took us off in the first place. The rest needs neither explanation or apology or sympathy or praise. There was a job to do. We took no honors and no gratuities. We wanted to get it done and get back to normalcy. It was complicated by unusual personal circumstances. It was not all fun; it is not regretted.

A long absence was not contemplated or prepared for. Those who held the fort were not prepared; they too were at the mercy of circumstances. They will tell you they were only too anxious to be relieved.

No blame has ever been laid. Far from ingratitude. But that does not change facts. Circumstances made chaos of a well-laid organization. It was far worse than starting anew, except in expense. A mass of equipment had to be retuned and re-shaped for there was never any question of scrapping the plan. The interim organization collapsed and we were summoned up to take over in the most unwanted circumstances. It did very well to hang on at all, but it was not at all the transition we sought.

Had it been possible, it would have been far preferable to suspend operations until basic reorganization had been effected and attuned to the plan we had to work on. But you can't close up a vital community service for some months, dependent on

(Page Four please)

ATTENTION!

☆

F. J. LA BELLE

D.C. POST G.

Doctor of Chiropractic

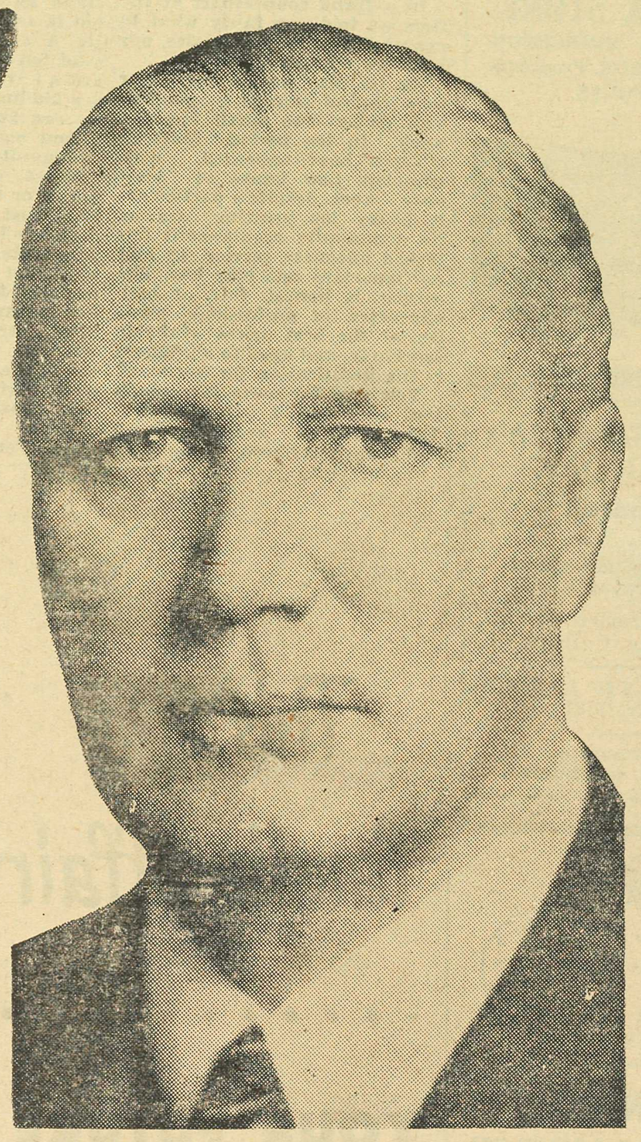
WILL BE AT THE

HOTEL PRINCETON

SATURDAY

Afternoon and Evening

To Serve Canada



UNDER COURAGEOUS AND INSPIRING LEADERSHIP

These men, recognized as leaders in their communities, each an authority in his own field, are the most capable men ever assembled by one party in British Columbia. They are the finest British Columbia has to offer . . . they represent the farmer, the miner, the logger, the housewife, the storekeeper, the fisherman, the businessman. They represent British Columbia.

AFTER 14 YEARS IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE

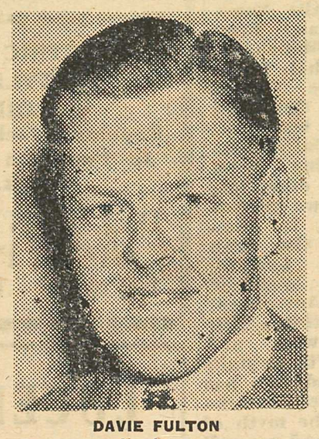
On June 27

VOTE For These Progressive Conservative Candidates

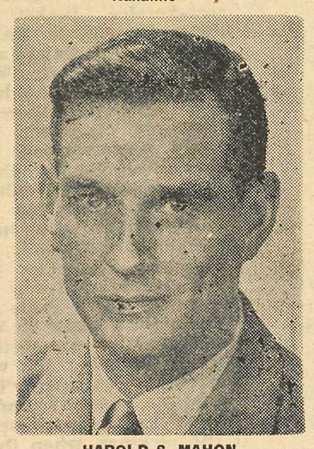
HOWARD C. GREEN
Vancouver-Quadra

G. R. PEARKES, V.C.
Nanaimo

CECIL MERRITT, V.C.
Vancouver-Burrard



DAVIE FULTON
Kamloops



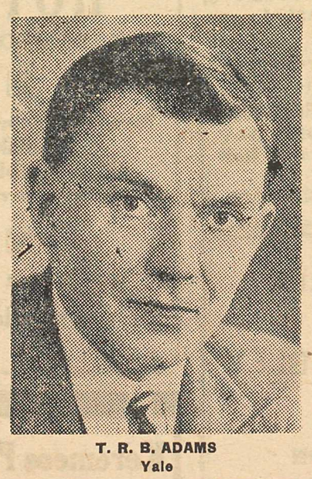
HAROLD S. MAHON
Coast-Capilano

JOHN FERGUSON
Burnaby-Richmond

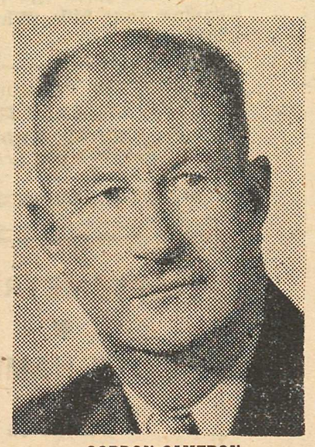
J. W. CORNETT
Vancouver South

J. FRIEND DAY
Vancouver East

HON. H. H. STEVENS
Vancouver Centre



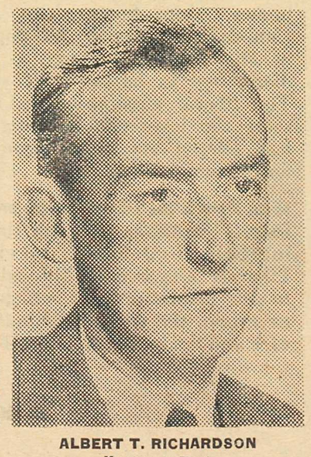
T. R. B. ADAMS
Yale



GORDON CAMERON
Victoria

JAMES CHRISTMAS
New Westminster

E. STUART DAVIDSON
Fraser Valley



ALBERT T. RICHARDSON
Kootenay East

JACK CORNER
Kootenay West

VOTE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE

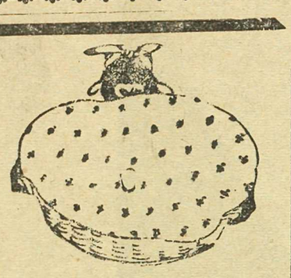
Published by the Progressive-Conservative Party of B.C.

Radiant Health

REXALL
Effervescent
FRUIT
SALTS
The ideal pick-up for that tired feeling
53¢
13-oz. Tin

PRINCETON DRUG & BOOK STORE
BRIDGE ST. PRINCETON
DON ATKINSON, Proprietor
PHONE 15

Elizabeth's
Beauty
Salon
MISS MARGARET HANDY
PROPRIETRESS
All Forms of
Beauty Culture
HOURS—9:30 to 5:30
Thursday: 9:30 to 1
Phone Princeton 57
for your appointment



PRINCETON
WHITE LAUNDRY
Modern Equipment
Finest Service
JUST ACROSS
TULAMEEN BRIDGE
Mr. & Mrs. T. Prest
★ PHONE 166X

CENTRAL
MARKET

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS
FRESH FRUITS
& VEGETABLES
WE SERVE
YOU WELL
ERNIE DALLOW, Proprietor
BRIDGE ST. PRINCETON 75

J. CORRIE
Wholesale PRINCETON Retail

False Teeth or Wisdom Teeth?

From Page Three

the uncertainty of suppies. Instead we had to sit right down —late—and get out a paper under baffling conditions, alone. We fired no one. The good ones had had enough. This operation neither requires nor warrants, efficiently operated, a big staff. In the chaos, ordinary labor was an embarrassment. In spite of circumstances and with main effort on reorganization, production has been far higher than in the previous period. The newspaper files are far thicker, and even under difficulties it stands up to scrutiny as professional stuff. But not regularity. That was just not feasible. It is not utterly feasible yet, but now it is a matter of hours, not days. There have been many feats of production, the service angle always foremost, and there are many who are grateful. Never a missed issue, never a let down. Accounts have been left last, as a simple token of sincerity. Front office efficiency has its place in the plan and your only remaining kick — that you can't pay your bills—will shortly vanish. We realize that will make you very happy.

What Do You Want?

In a frank counterpart at the time we told you fairly what to expect. We have no miracles, nor have we reduced any.

On 1st May we switched over to a radical change in publication policy—two small issues a week. In the period fourteen editions have appeared, with complete new issues at least once a week, despite a particularly heavy job printing season. No community requirement has lacked adequate service, in fact no important one ever has. The service is honest, fair, of high character, of professional quality, at the best prices available anywhere, and open to all. Where is the justification for invasion?

You pay far more for much less, and send it out of town. The service is available to all and always has been. If you can't pay or won't, it is free.

The argument was that it came to fill a requirement. Where is the requirement? The post office and the telephone poles still carry the bulk of what little topical advertising there is. The invader carries nothing less than four days old. Your own paper twice a week carries matter up to the last minute, gives you a special whenever events warrant.

We have a job to do, and we have been consistently and conscientiously about it. Circumstances we bear ourselves, but we were hardly to blame for them. It has not been very kind, though that excepts some fine folk.

We Go On—But

Nothing has upset the determination to do the job or the plan to do it. We did not step up when the invader appeared because it was not feasible. We stepped up the moment it was feasible, and there will be more stepping up yet. The evidence—and assurance—is both in the production record and in the plant. There are no tricks, no magic. Better days ahead for all of us in this essential service.

You want a good paper. We stand by this in the essentials, but it can and will be a lot better. A lot of friends have helped a lot but it will be best when we are all friends, and there is no use kidding ourselves about how we can be friends. We all have to put our honest best into the community kitty.

What is the true motive of put in or take out? A newspaper is a trust, a franchise, not an ordinary business. The Penticton paper clings to the advantage of that, but is a manifestly good business firm. It is a front office newspaper. Yours, you may think, errs on the other side. But who gains? Penticton had this franchise when the pickings were obviously lean. It pulled out, considering itself, or your service? Politically and economically, Penticton has nursed its dominance over Similkameen over a long period. This is a self-sufficient entity, requiring most of all unity and leadership and enterprise. It must not be a Penticton colony and in centralization that is steadily happening A strong local press is what the Penticton ring wants least, a Penticton dominated press suits them well, as witness the recent election.

Now that the pickings are ripening, the Penticton press returns, as an invader, despite its contract, and with an amateur front.

And most of you condone it returned men and professional men and union men. Busiest barber shop in Vancouver cuts union prices — and union men's hair and their throats.

In the meantime, who has been serving your needs, fighting your battles, carrying your standard in a crusade that has largely won the promised prosperity on which so many are eager to cash in? Where the outsider pulled out, your servant put in, giving you a fine plant not building for a kill, but giving you a stable service, through good times and bad. Every cent has stayed in your town. More than has come out has gone in.

Just Compare

What investment has the invader? A rented bandbox and an imported ware. Every cent goes out. Simply an agent.

What facilities does it offer? It does not know a pica quad from a piece of furniture—not the kind you mean. In production it is simply a cuckoo. It skims off the cream, leaves the service to your printer. Yet its auspice is service. Many of you have got emergency service in a few hours. Its terms are two weeks—printed outside, with no chance for vital personal service, where your needs are translated to type before your eyes and your money stays at home.

There is no more conscientious service anywhere. Because it fights inflation, crusades for honesty, and practices what it preaches, your paper's rates have never been raised. In printing and advertising you get a saving of up to 35 per cent.—far more in value— plus direct professional and intensive personal service. Does the invader fill the bill? Arguing requirements, where are its facilities to give them? It has no printing plant. Would you like your community without one? Who would stay up all night doing your emergency jobs—the bad management you criticize—while the juicy time jobs go out of town? Of course he's a bit queer and you often naively contrive to send someone round who can handle him. Yes, the straight road is a bit queer Princeton way. It has always been good to the carpetbaggers and skeptical of its own honest sons — some of them bright enough. Not long ago a mental case came in and sold all kinds of bargain time to our best business men on Princeton radio — which has no original transmissions.

The straight way is always queer. Your newspaper rates you at actual values, tags your plays and ball games at what they are worth, holding the decent local average against the possible score, urges you up, sees you as others see you and as you really are and might be; the plain service of truth, friendly and human—and not paricularly profitable. It wears that same honest tag itself.

But some small people want to be flattered, and some unswerving right is awkward to their ambitions—of self effacing public service of course.

One—he came in with nothing and was given a generous lift by your paper — and has since seldom advertised anywhere—felt it a public service to invite the invader, virtually presuming to forge the endorsement of the board of trade.

When the bowling alleys recently opened, your paper organized the send-off. A week late the service paper did it—with a page of ads.

Well, the invader offends nobody—or so it thinks. It prints the profitable parts of truth. It has no editorials, partly because it is incaple of them. It wants nothing more from you than your money. It is the ultra small town approach, only extra amateur. The only skill—the printer's—is hired out of town. This is its answer to the argument that you needed a good newspaper a regular one. Well, the one you always said was good is regular now—and is steadily getting better.

It's Friendly

Princeton needs a lot of prodding; it is best from a friend. Don't blame us or misjudge the fatterer. Be wise, not small

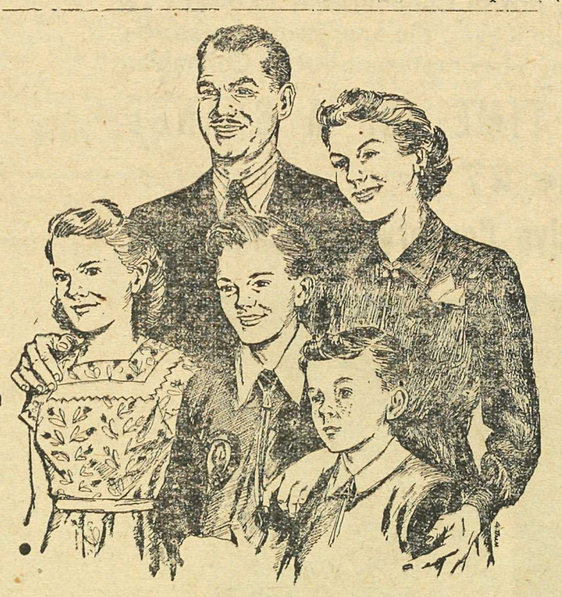
What makes a newspaper? Obviously, character plus tools plus skill. There are plenty of better plants and better men, but are you likely to attract one here — with present tactics at any rate? Meanwhile compare what you have. Meanwhile, this is a one-man effort. Could the intruder do it? What qualifications, a critic for whom we would not bend truth once asked (in an amateur rival sheet which is a choice refuge for his kind, and therefore welcome in a town which holds rival meetings to find a common welfare). Well, it's not pleasant, but you have a right to examine credentials. In journalism 28 years—yes, we are at least twenty-eight Double honors degree. In pre-post-Service junket associate editor Manchuria Daily News, Reuter's and Canadian Press Correspondent for Manchuria, chief reporter Shanghai Times, news editor Singapore Herald, linotype operator Capetown, ship's printer troop transport; sub-editor London Daily Express, Glasgow Evening News. Have also had a few other jobs and had a thing or two printed, including, irregularly, the Similkameen Star. Can also clean spacebands and sew bachelor buttons, do a radio broadcast and start a Model T. Any offers?

Because we are getting a little weary of doing the work and having an outsider with no stake and no sincerity and who has never had a newspaper job, take the pickings, when the myth of regularity has gone and you will very soon have the pleasure of paying your bills. What do you say?

PRINCETON BRANCH No. 56
CANADIAN LEGION
Meets SECOND WEDNESDAY
each month, 8 pm. Legion Hall
ALL VETERANS WELCOME

OPTOMETRIST
●
SCOTT HAMBLEY
— R.O. —
Will Be In
PRINCETON
On
Thursday and Friday
June 23-24
Kindly make appointments
at Dunningham's Jewellery
Store

This is a family affair



YOUR FUTURE . . . AND CANADA'S

Conditions have been good the last few years. More people are working than ever before — making more, spending more, saving more.

Isn't that what you want? After all, you have a family to think about . . . and you are planning for their future . . .

The Liberals are planning and working for your family's future too.

Here are some of the things the Liberals are doing:

Family Allowances are increased. Already a billion dollars has been invested in Canada's children. Millions of boys and girls are better clothed, fed and housed — have a better chance for an education and a real start in life — because of this Liberal measure. It has brought new security and well-being to countless Canadian homes.

In housing, too, the Liberals have taken the lead in providing Canadians with decent homes. More homes have been built in Canada, in relation to population, than in any nation. Already a million Canadians live in homes built since the war. The liberal government is ready to help solve the low-rental housing problem and has offered its cooperation to provinces and municipalities.

Then, there is the Liberal health program. Already federal grants are helping the provinces to increase their health services. But the Liberals' aim is a nation-wide contributory health insurance plan which will end, for everyone, the tragedy of inadequate health care and the financial strain of lengthy illness.

Or take employment. Liberal measures are helping to maintain employment in Canada at record levels, and at the same time unemployment insurance reserves have been building up. The government has encouraged enterprise and high production. Plants have expanded, new industries started up. New opportunities are being created every day.

Old Age Pensions and pensions for the blind have been steadily increased by the Liberal government. But it isn't stopping there. Its aim is a nation-wide plan of contributory pensions which will help everyone to enjoy a comfortable and secure old age — automatically and as a right.

These are all part of the Liberal program of social betterment . . . a program to achieve a "national standard of social security and human welfare which assures the greatest possible measure of social justice to all Canadians".

MAKE SURE THE WORK IS CARRIED ON

Protect YOUR stake in Canada's Future—

VOTE LIBERAL!

INSERTED BY NATIONAL LIBERAL COMMITTEE

We Buy
RAW FURS
All Kinds at Highest Prices
Groceries — Dry Goods
Hardware—Boots & Shoes
Coalmont Store
Ed. Rioux, Proprietor

Great Northern
Hotel
HEDLEY, B.C.
Comfortable Rooms
Nice Beds
Cafe in Connection
MRS. W. HALL,
Proprietress

Commercial
Cafe
★ Meals ★
★ Rooms ★
Hedley, B.C.

KEREMEOS RED
& WHITE STORE
Groceries, Dry Goods
and Provisions
PERSONAL SERVICE

Marchant Builders
See Us For Your
Building Needs

GENERAL CONSTRUTION
CABINETS, COUNTERS,
FLOOR SANDING
FLOOR REFINISHING
E. B MARCHANT
BOX 104 KEREMEOS

INNIS SERVICE
SHELL OIL
ONLY HOIST in TOWN
Come in and have us
grease your car or truck
ELECTRIC AND
ACETYLENE
WELDING
Regular Truck Service
to Penticton twice a
week.
D. J. INNIS *and*
SONS, Props.
Tel. No. 3 - Keremeos

LUCERNE
HOTEL
KEREMEOS, B. C.
Newly Decorated and
Furnished.
Comfortable Beds.
Homey Surroundings.
'HANK' EGLI
Proprietor

Keremeos Properties
● BUSINESS,
● ORCHARD,
● FARMS
Large or Small
JACK DYCK
Phone 12X - Keremeos